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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Cœur de Lion; or, The Third Crusade. A Poem, in Sixteen Books. By Eleanor Anne Porden, Author of *The Veils*, *The Arctic Expeditions*, and other Poems. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1822. G. & W. B. Whittaker.

THIS work is dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, and, in our opinion, justly merited that distinction. It is a great effort for a female pen, and had not Miss Porden already stood so high among those ornaments of her sex who illustrate the modern literature of England, *Cœur de Lion* would have placed her in the foremost rank.

The Third Crusade is a subject of uncommon interest, and one which offers every facility for the exercise of poetical powers. Religion, love, war, chivalry, romance, superstition, oriental splendours and European adventure, the camp, the ocean, scenery the most diversified, and passions the most varied;—all combine into one grand whole, and demand the noblest soarings of the Muse. Nor has our fair countrywoman failed in any great degree to avail herself of these advantages: in many instances her flight is equal to her theme, and if we experience any fatigue in the parts which are merely narrative, it arises more perhaps from our partaking of the common temper of the present time, than from any want of talent in the author, for we are afraid it is a truism and not to be denied, that the tastes of the day are not in favour of long poems. As hot spiced buns and elegant soufflets have, in the articles of food, superseded the solid plum-pudding and diet cake of our ancestors, so have diableries to pique the palate, and amatory lyrics to stimulate the passions, in the way of verse, not only destroyed the relish, but almost obliterated the remembrance of the didactic and epic styles. Our constant observation having impressed this fact sensibly upon our minds, we feel that Miss Porden has published at an inauspicious period; and that posterity is much more likely to do justice to her labours than that they will meet their due reward in contemporary fame.

The poem opens with the siege of Acre, treats of Richard's voyage and exploits, and after detailing the events of his imprisonment in Germany on his return, concludes with the treaty of peace between him and Saladin, sworn in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, at the close of his second expedition. The plan and machinery resemble Tasso's: we have impious genii, demons, illusions, dreams, enchantments and prophecies, as well as amours, encounters, battles, tournaments and pilgrimages. These are painted with an able hand, and the versification is

throughout exceedingly smooth and musical. In some 14,000 lines we find nothing to challenge criticism, and much to claim praise. We might, (were we inclined to enter into a minute investigation instead of the general notice with which it is our intention to rest satisfied,)—we might express our opinion that occasional weaknesses in thought and mean turns in language are to be detected in this composition; but our respect for the writer, for her sex, for her talents, and for the magnitude of her undertaking, deprives us of every wish to disparage her performance.

To afford a fair example of *Cœur de Lion* we should have been happy to have met with any episode suitable to our page; but this not being in our power, we shall, as we can, enable our readers to form their own opinions from a few various extracts. In canto iv. the following is the picture of the destructive effects of the "*Median fire*" on the towers and fleets of the Christians. Of the infidel Karacous it is said—

Soon o'er the crumbling battlement he hung,
And from his vane the fatal naphtha flung;
O'er burning wood, o'er shrieking warriors plays
With suffocating stench, the quenchless blaze;
Nor acids here, nor temper'd hides avail,
Nor cooling water, nor impervious mail;
All flame alike, men, weapons, engines, all
Catch the blue fire, and share the general fall.

Meanwhile the Austrian, in his floating tower,
Leads to the fierce assault his naval power;
The fort was slightly mann'd, and ill prepared,
No arm of prowess animates the guard.
What though a random spear had pierced his side,
He mounts aloft, nor heeds the sanguine tide.
Where on the ramparts warlike engines stood
With flaming torch he fires the arid wood;
His followers scale the walls, and blazing brands
Shed fire at once from fifty valiant hands;
The Saracens retreat, the Christian host
O'er the hot embers mounts, and wins the post,
While raised in triumph on the fading fires,
'Mid wreaths of smoke the conquering Cross aspires.

But fell Demroosh, of all that race accurst
That met on Carmel, loathsome and worst,
Unseen was near. With dire combustion fraught,
A small light bark the artful Pisans brought;
But not to man the coming hour is known,
Their foes destruction meant, it proves their own.
The watchful fiend on that ill-omen'd bark
Blows from the burning fort a floating spark.
Swift as light straw, or autumn's wither'd leaves,
Her fatal freight the rapid ill receives:
She flames, nor flames alone, her rockets cast
On every side have lighted many a mast,
Warriors to steel inur'd, in conflict brave,
Shriek at the fire, and shudder at the wave.
In vain their eager hands unfurl the sails,
The canvas kindles as they catch the gales;
In vain they ply the oar, the burning wood
Drops from their grasp, and chafes the hissing flood.
Few were the barks their wretched crew that bore
Through flood and fire, to die by steel on shore.

Nor ends the havoc here, on meteor wings
From the calm sea th' exploding freship springs,

And like some vast volcano, sends on high
Its flaming entrails to pollute the sky.
The waters foam and swell, the thunder's roar
Shakes the still air, an earthquake rocks the shore:
Yet calm and solemn as the mountain's brow
In the clear moon, when tempests rage below,
Floats the proud castle, and that burning storm
But clothed in glory what it could not harm;
Till the dire fiend, who lights th' accursed dart,
Even in the penal flame that wraps his heart,
Strikes its broad base, the lambent volumes soar,—
The last, the proudest castle is no more.

Stern on the hostile fort the Austrian stands,
And owns the malice of infernal hands.
Islam revives, his few brave friends maintain
Th' unequal fight, but mingle with the slain:
And one who marked him wounded, spent with toil,
Thought at light cost to win the princely spoil;
But in his groin the Austrian drove the wound,
Then spurn'd the falling wretch, and glancing round

A withering look, he plunged amid the main,
And rose, though cumber'd with his arms, again.
Though pour'd a crimson current from his side,
With strenuous arms he beat the foaming tide,
And reach'd the shore; but peace nor rest was there,

All was confusion, carnage, and despair.
To their strong camp the hunted Christians fly,
And thank the care that rais'd its walls so high;
While on their rear the Moslems press, to gain
That last defence, and make its shelter vain.
Before the open gate the Count of Bar,
A new Achilles, singly bears the war;
Like some vast elephant, whose native mail
His winged foes with puny rage assail,
He stood; the spears that bristled in his vest
He sent more deeply to their owner's breast,
And as the victims thickened round, he rose
Still more terrific on his gasping foes.
Screen'd by his mighty arm, the Christians haste
To their calm tents, and bless him as they past.

Alas! that strength which all the battle bore,
Which slew an hundred foes and sought for more,
That mail so finely wrought and knit so well,
He spoke as reeds before the powers of hell.
The conquering troops of Saladin to aid
Now Karacous the eager sally led,
While borne triumphant in the turquois vase
Of fire accurst a fatal remnant plays:
That fatal drop, with fury hurl'd from far,
Strikes on his lifted sword the Count of Bar;
He shakes it from his grasp, but shakes in vain,
It clings suspended by too strong a chain;
His arm already feels th' ascending flame,
And dreadful tortures spread through all his frame.
Enraged, to earth he cast his ponderous shield,
And snatch'd a spear, the last he e'er shall wield:
"Take that, misshapen wretch! and learn, if still
My better arm were faithful to my will,
Soon should thy soul regain its native hell,
And feel those torments thou canst give so well."
He spoke—his spear the Emir's shoulder tore,
And long that wound shall Karacous deplore.
Then with one shrill, one final shriek of pain,
He fell expiring on the mound of slain,
While spreading o'er the whole, that wondrous fire
Blends all its victims in one funeral pyre.

Yet even in death his weeping friends he saved,
And aw'd that foe his living arm had braved.
That mighty blaze, extending o'er the plain,
Drives from the assaulted camp the impious train.
Secures at length the ponderous valves they close,
And weep their loss, and from their toils repose.

Our next quotation is from Book XIII. in which Berengaria, seeking Richard in the garb of a minstrel, finds him a prisoner in the Castle of Trivallis.

'Twas autumn: yet, by fervid noon oppress,
Now on a shelter'd bank she paus'd to rest;
A knight, who homeward leads with gentle pace
His train, victorious in the morning chase,
Glanced on the bard,—who, heaven-directed, strung
The ready harp, and thus spontaneous sung:

"Turn, knight! a weary minstrel sings;
The dew relax his trembling strings,
And hunger chills his tongue;
Yet blest shall be the hand that brings,
A cup to cheer the Child of Song.

"From fair Provence, my native land,
I've roam'd to many a foreign strand,
Nor found my wanderings long;
While still my strains repaid the hand
Which cheer'd the vagrant Child of Song.

"Thou goest—then take the minstrel's curse,—
Be bold, be great, but never verse
Thy memory shall prolong;
Forgo, ere lifted from thy hearse,
For thou hast scorn'd a Child of Song."

Through this knight, Berengaria finds her way to Trivallis.

Fell'd was the nearer wood—beyond, it rose
To screen the fort, but not to hide its foes:
High on a hill, the triple towers were seen,
On three huge crags, with horrid depths between;
A triple fosse the vast enclosure bound,
And massy walls the triple vallum crown'd.

The towers were black with age, the struggling day
Scarce through the loopholes sent a scanty ray.
From those dark halls no sounds of welcome breathe,
No hamlet shelters in its shade beneath;
One awful beam th' autumnal evening threw,
That tinged the western front with sanguine hue;

While from behind, the moon arising bright,
Clothed the pale landscape in contrasted light.
She left her steed beneath the beechen shade,
"And art thou there, my best beloved!" she said,
"Upbraiding all that to thy help should fly,
Nor think't what fond, what anxious heart is nigh."

Eve's last soft flushes fade, and all is still,
While veil'd in gloom, she climbs the arduous hill.
Rude was the path, nor oft by pilgrim worn,
O'ergrown with briars, long, wildering, and forlorn:
Scarce might the horseman trace that dangerous way,

Through brakes, impervious to the summer day,
Now wrapt in night; while onward as she hies,
Scared at her step the birds of carnage rise.
At last, yet shrouded in the castle shade,
Cautious she crost its spacious esplanade;
Marked each strong wall with towers begirt around,

The massy keep with lofty towers crown'd;
The boy who never dreamt of war might know
Those awful ramparts would but mock the foe;
While not one light the abode of man confest,
Or gave the weary pilgrim hope of rest.

Those grated loopholes o'er the gate—ah there
Perchance her RICHARD wastes with secret care!
Whose gifts were kingdoms, now by famine dies—
His only prospect those relentless skies,
His only visitants the bats, that prowl
Round the grim tower, or nightly hooting owl!
Mournful she stood; but soon the breeze that sighs
Through her lone harp, bids other thoughts arise:

"Yet, yet," she said, "some dear familiar strain
May reach his cell, and bolts and bars be vain;
While, should some jealous warder mark the lay,
'Tis but a minstrel sings to cheer his way.
Ah, me! that air to early love so dear,
Even in the tomb might rouse my RICHARD's ear;
Oh! could I pour his deep clear tones along,
And steal his accents as I steal his song.

"Frown, frown, Clorinda—I would prize
Thy smile o'er all that arms might gain;
O'er wealth and fame; yet mock my sighs,
My faded cheek, my tears despise,
Nor I my fate arraign;
While every rival's grief I see,
And know that all are scorn'd like me."

She ceased, for from on high a fuller tone,
Though faint in distance, blended with her own;
That voice, those words, could come from one alone.

"Oh smile not, if thou e'er bestow
On others, grace I think sincere;
Such smiles are like the beams that glow
On the dark torrent's bridge of snow."
And wreck the wretch they cheer.
Thine icy heart I well can bear,
But not the love that others share."

Bright hour of rapture! who may dare to tell
In her fond breast what blended feelings swell!
With parted lips, closed eyes, and hands compressed,
To still th' impetuous beatings of her breast,
Listening she stood; while conscious memory strays
To that blest hour when first she heard the lays.
Ecstatic dream—at length her faltering tongue
Its grief express in emblematic song:

"The widow'd dove can never rest,
The felon kite has robb'd her nest;
With wing untired she seeks her mate,
To share or change his dreadful fate."
Again she paused, and listening, from on high
Caught from the friendly gale the faint reply.

"But kites a higher power obey,
Th' Imperial Eagle claims the prey,—
Hence! to his spacious eyrie go,
The Eagle is a nobler foe."

She strikes the harp—"Farewell! farewell!"
Her thrilling notes of transport swell:
"The monarch bird may build his nest
On oak, or tower, or mountain crest,—
But love can match his daring flight,
Can fell the tree, or scale the height."

"Ho! who art thou," a surly warder calls,
"That darest to sing beneath Trivallis' walls?"
"A wandering bard, good friend, who fain would
These awful gates to let the weary in." [win,
"Nay, hence—nor dare to touch thy harp again,
And thank thy saints 'twas I that heard the strain;
Tired as thou art, fly swiftly o'er the heath,
And shun these walls as thou would'st shun thy death."

But was that pilgrim weary? oh! less fleet
The mountain chamois plies its fearless feet:
"Farewell! my ears are blest though not my eyes,
Thy chains shall fall," she warbles as she flies;
"Thou gentle guardian of my steps, my will,
Take my soul's blessing and direct me still."

These brief extracts are all we can offer,
and from them we trust Miss Porden's work may be appreciated. There are explanatory notes, which shew careful reading, were that quality not demonstrated by the good keeping in the poem itself; and we would sum up our review by restating that we consider *Cœur de Lion* to reflect honour on the female literature of England.

The Council of Ten. No. I. JUNE MDCCLXXXI.
8vo. pp. 116. John Warren.

MATHEWS, Alexandre, hide your diminished heads! or fly you Mathews to America, and you Alexandre to France. The gift of speaking with many voices, the faculty of personating a crowd of individuals, is transferred from the stage to the study, and the ventriloquism of literature is perfected in the Council of Ten. The first Number of this work, the production of one learned Theban, whose name it were a *Boon** to disclose, modestly professes to establish new and orthodox principles in the simple subjects which have heretofore distracted mankind, such as religion, philosophy, politics, agriculture, commerce, poetry, criticism, sciences, arts, medicine, law, literature, "every thing in the world and all that sort of thing," besides other matters. For this purpose, the author, who may be called *The Omnipolite*, has erected himself in the shape of a Council consisting of ten men, all perfect of their kind, and replete with the various intelligence belonging to their respective characters of—1. Censor; 2. Clergyman; 3. Squire; 4. Cosmopolite; 5. Projector; 6. Merchant; 7. Political Economist; 8. Soldier; 9. Traveller; and 10. Genius. As yet, the fifth in the list is the only form in which he appears before the public;—the *Projector* of a periodical paper, combining the above enumerated sprinkling of knowledge, and exhibiting, in one admirable and extraordinary writer, the moral and intellectual attributes of only Ten of the most generally informed and ablest members of the British community. Some timid folks might fancy that this were enough for our new Creighton: but no such thing! he has a reserve of supernumerary wisdom, bottled up for occasion in the incarnations of a naval officer, (not yet on board, or the author would not have been allowed to talk of *hoisting jury masts*), a colonist, a critic, and a young poet. Nor even with these addenda is the great stomach of this literary ventriloquist satisfied: from his intercostal stores he promises to bring forward as many more capacities as his purposes require, and it is evident that if the numbers of a Court of Directors will not do, he has within him talent to conjure into existence a whole Parliament of ideal coadjutors, of whom he, the Secretary, shall be sole elector, returning officer, reporter, and mover.

Looking at this array, at this dread plurality of unity, we cannot help feeling a considerable degree of anxiety about the operations of the Council of Ten; for they have in their manifesto declared that they are Radical Reformers in contemporary criticism—

"We believe (says he) the whole system to be a system of bribery and corruption; a mass utterly rotten and unsound; a very Leviathan of dishonesty. It is a system, which we should be glad to level with the ground, and raise our own upon its ruins. We mean to wage with it a 'bellum internecivum,' a war of extermination and extirpation. We shall keep no terms: we make no exceptions. We throw down the gauntlet to

* Those acquainted with the art of Onomatopoeia will be able to guess the secret here, though we, unskilled in that practice, are at a loss whether to spell the word with a final *e* or not.

Ed.
+ His task will require them all, for, in few words, it is, page 112, "UNIVERSAL inquiry, and censorship, and superintendence."

all the periodical publications of the day: some of them we would hunt down like wild beasts; and others we would sweep away like cobwebs. We give notice that we are literary Corsairs, who will attack every vessel which is now floating upon the high-seas of criticism—no matter from what port it sails; or under what colours; or to whom the cargo belongs; or what is the number of guns, or the weight of metal."

How we should tremble for our share in this denunciation, were it not softened a little by a contradictory salvo, a few pages farther on, where the author more kindly sayeth,

"We wish to assist and support, rather than to supersede or supplant. . . . We have no desire to clash with any publication of the times, daily or weekly, monthly, quarterly, or yearly. We shall not trespass on their manor, nor poach in their preserves."

Thus, after all, we may contrive to outlive the bellum internecivum of the modern Star-Chamber; and laugh as merrily at its threatened furor as we have done at the sundry inflections which we are in the habit of suffering from imitators straining too far in our rear to be able to reach us with a slap in that quarter, and disappointed suitors who in their own cases mistake truth for injustice.

But we have done with remark, and we hope the author will believe us when we assure him, that all we have said is in perfect good humour with him, and not disrespectful to his abilities. We do not think his plan a very good one, but he displays talents so considerable, and is altogether so pleasing a writer, that he may, we trust he will, make more of it than we anticipate. If our counsel is worth his attention, we would advise him to beware of aiming at too much. To occupy one seat well, is more eligible than to fidget over ten stools and never sit steadily and still. There is dignity, there is weight, there is authority, there is honour, there is usefulness, in the chair of criticism honestly filled; but nobody will care for the dicta of an unsettled ubiquitous, whose restless body in its transitions resembles a whole party of children at snap-tongs or up-tails all. However gifted the author may be, he will find it more than difficult adequately to sustain his multinational characters; and as, from the nature of the subjects proposed, it is impossible that the majority of them can be amusing, the evil of being superficial will be the more dangerous to his prospects of success. It now only remains for us to offer examples of his abilities, and with this design we select three different passages which exhibit him at once as a various and clever penman. Sketching his Council, he describes the President as having lost his wife and only son, and thus beautifully paints his feelings:—

"At this period he was overpowered by his anguish. Life was nothing to him—the world, with its millions of inhabitants, was spread before him as a desert: he looked on it as on a thing which had no longer any relation to himself. As physical pains will rack the body, until it faints and becomes insensible to further torture; the irons of moral affliction had entered into his soul, until its feelings were benumbed with the excess of their own agony. He saw almost without perception; he breathed almost without consciousness; and he walked upon the earth as a being, who had no share in its occupations or enjoyments."

But time does something where it cannot

do all. A good man, besides, will not long suffer his spirit to remain sunk in utter listlessness, and his life to be altogether useless to his fellow men. Although no personal ties attach him to existence, conscious virtue will support him, general benevolence will animate him, religious hope will forbid him to despond.

Such was the case with the censor of our Council. After some indulgence in natural grief, he roused the energies of his soul from the trance of abasement, and nerved himself with the fortitude of resignation. At length he became calm, and even cheerful. His individual interest in existence was indeed gone; and the cords that bound him to this world had been rudely broken. But the exercise of a large and pure philanthropy, the diffusion of comfort within his immediate sphere, and a generous concern for the common welfare of mankind—all these things were left to occupy his faculties, and divert his thoughts. His eyes still sparkled at the mention of the warlike glories of his country; and his heart kindled within him at the idea of its still more memorable efforts in the cause of science and humanity. He was no longer a husband—no longer a father; but he was still an Englishman."

The traits of the traveller's character are in a playful style—

"Among his other qualifications, our traveller has an excellent manner of relating anecdotes, and is seldom himself the hero of them before dinner. It is true that he will sometimes, in his cups, hint something about the advances that were made by Madame la Baronne; and almost insinuate, that the attentions of the Marchesa were as pointed as her smiles were captivating. But what then? Men can say more than they ought about women, without going abroad. It is true, also, (we mean only when he is in his cups,) that he will give occasionally the most wonderful accounts of his dangers amid snows and precipices, and his providential escape from starvation by cold, when his carriage was overturned in winter, and at midnight, in the depth of an almost interminable forest;—to say nothing of his astonishing presence of mind, when he was just going to be attacked by a troop of Albanian robbers, or carried up the mountains by Italian banditti. It is true, thirdly, that he will now and then interlard his discourse with foreign phrases, when the mother tongue would serve his purpose as well: but we forgive these things in a traveller. Some of the party, indeed, are rather disposed to smile, although, in his opinion, we should suppose, not quite so bewitchingly as the Marchesa; and, on the last-mentioned occasions, the plain old Squire will get half into a passion, and bluntly tell him to talk English."

We conclude with lines by the *Genius*—
Farewell, sweet Lais! the sad die is thrown;
That I have known thee long, and lov'd thee well;
That on the tablets of my soul must dwell
Thy form for ever:—and that thou couldst own
A throb responsive to my passion's tone;—
These thoughts—even these—mine absence
must compel.

Lais, adieu!—thou must not raise, nor quell
My spirit more:—I seek my fate alone. [weight
The world, and the world's cares, with crushing
Must sink me low, as the vile crowds that pass:
High schemes; proud aspirations, thoughts elate,
Must feel a death-like chill:—yet tho' alas!
What I am doom'd to be myself must hate;
Love thou the memory of what I was!

Oh! why wert thou so beautiful?—or why
Had beauty so much power upon my heart,
That reason, conscience, firm resolve, must fly,
Like phantoms touch'd by a magician's dart,
Melting to air before it?—Still thou art
Too radiantly fair; and must I lie.

Fall'n, lost, alone? and, torn from thee apart,
Curse the sad hours, that creep so slowly by?
Just Heav'n! why shouldst thou punish the desires,
Which nature strongly dictates? why is love,
When rapture lights, and faith preserves its fires,
The source of ill, which time can ne'er remove?
Such are my musings wild on ruin's brink—
Vain thoughts—for what avails it now to think?

How in the world our noblest aims are crost!
There sink,—first stunted by untimely blight,—
Pure faith, expansive love, hopes vast and bright,
Like treasures to the deep in tempests tost.
There, as the bud nipt by mid-winter's frost,
Or flower, that closes with the closing light,
Chill'd by the coming of th' ungenial night,
Truth, feeling, fervour, passion, all are lost.
There o'er us creeps indifference; there disgust
Congeals the glowing current of the mind:
There art and hatred dwell—there deep distrust
E'en of ourselves, as well as of mankind—
Mirth, which one happy moment never knows;
And lassitude—ah! how unlike repose!

From these specimens it will not be denied that the author brings considerable qualifications into the wide field he has chosen; and if he maintains, as he promises, the high tone of truth and justice—condemns not in the mass, which can never be right, but judiciously on proof—and steers his own course candidly and honestly, we shall be proud of such a coadjutor in the literary toil.

MR. GALT'S NOVELS.

The Provost. By the Author of *Annals of the Parish*; *Ayrshire Legatees*; and *Sir Andrew Wylie*. Edinburgh 1822. W. Blackwood. 12mo. pp. 360.

THE graphic talents of this author as a painter of Scottish manners are deservedly held in very high estimation. His *Ayrshire Legatees*, first published in papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, appeared to no disadvantage even among the cleverest articles which enrich that spirited miscellany. The *Annals of the Parish* we consider to be a very gem of its kind; and take blame to ourselves that circumstances (such as the conductors of periodical works alone can comprehend) prevented us from lending our assistance to spread its popularity. Sir Andrew Wylie obtained less favour in our eyes; and we are sorry to add that *The Provost* has been (if it be a misfortune) still more unfortunate in that respect.

The *Ayrshire Legatees* is full of traits which display a curious acquaintance with human nature. The simplicity of *The Village Minister*, though less finely drawn than in *Mr. Balwhidder of the Parish Annals*, is natural and characteristic. His wife is also a prototype of one of the Mrs. Balwhidders; belonging strictly to a numerous class of Scotch females, in whom national prejudices and the foibles of the sex are remarkably blended. And among the other peculiar personages of the Tale, the whole provincial coterie are sketched with sufficient truth and naïveté to fill up the secondary ranks with appropriate effect and amusing variety. So much should in justice be said of Mr. Galt's first essay in novel writing; but his second production reached a far higher elevation,

and is indeed so infinitely superior to all the rest as almost to cast a doubt on its origin, did we not know that there are happy hours in literary pursuits when subject, state of mind, lucky conception and continuity of the original spirit to the completion of the task, all conspire to enable the fortunate author to strike off his creation like a Minerva from the brain of Jove, mature and perfect in the very birth. We would fain enter upon an analysis of the *Annals of the Parish*, and point out its native beauties to those of our southern and foreign readers who cannot fully appreciate their local and particular charms. But the time has gone by, and we must content us with a general eulogy upon its delightful union of the humorous and the pathetic in the account of those changes which fifty years made in a retired parish of Scotland. The incidents are admirably chosen;—the story of Meg Gaffaw, an idiot girl, not unworthy to be compared to *Sterne's* Maria; the finale of the aged clergyman himself most affecting; and the death of the rich West Indian, Mr. Cayenne, equal to *Smollet's* Commodore Truncheon.*

* In some measure to repair our former remissness, we quote the Chapter describing this event, which happened in the last year but one of Mr. Balwhiddie's ministry—

"Mr. Cayenne, of Wheatrig, having for several years been in a declining way, partly brought on by the consuming fire of his furious passion, and partly by the decay of old age, sent for me on the evening of the first Sabbath of March in this year. I was surprised at the message, and went to the Wheatrig house directly, where, by the lights in the windows as I gazed up through the policy to the door, I saw something extraordinary was going on. Sambo, the blackmoor servant, opened the door, and without speaking shook his head; for it was an affectionate creature, and as fond of his master as if he had been his own father. By this sign I guessed that the old gentleman was thought to be drawing near his latter end, so I walked softly after Sambo up the stair, and was shewn into the chamber where Mr. Cayenne, since he had been confined to the house, usually sat. His wife had been dead some years before.

Mr. Cayenne was sitting in his easy chair, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, and a pillow at his shoulders to keep him straight. But his head had fallen down on his breast, and he breathed like a panting baby. His legs were a welled, and his feet rested on a footstool. His face, which was wont to be the colour of a peony rose, was of a yellow hue, with a patch of red on each cheek like a wafer, and his nose was shirpet and sharp, and of an unnatural purple. Death was evidently fighting with Nature for the possession of the body. "Heaven have mercy on his soul," said I to myself, as I sat me down beside him.

When I had been seated some time, the power was given him to raise his head as it were ajece, and he looked at me with the tall of his eye, which I saw was glittering and glossy. "Doctor," for he always called me doctor, though I am not of that degree, "I am glad to see you," were his words, uttered with some difficulty.

"How do you find yourself, sir?" I replied in a sympathising manner.

"Damned bad," said he, as if I had been the cause of his suffering. I was daunted to the very heart to hear him in such an unregenerate state; but after a short pause I addressed myself to him again, saying, that "I hoped he would soon be more at ease, and he should hear in mind that the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth."

"The devil take such love," was his awful

answer, which was to me as a blow on the forehead with a well. However, I was resolved to do my duty to the miserable sinner, let him say what he would. Accordingly, I stooped towards him with my hands on my knees, and said, in a compassionate voice, "It's very true, sir, that you are in great agony, but the goodness of God is without bound."

"Curse me if I think so, doctor," replied the dying uncircumcised Philistine. But he added at whiles, his breathlessness being grievous, and often broken by a sore hiccup, "I am however no saint, as you know, doctor; so I wish you to put in a word for me, doctor, for you know that in these times, doctor, it is the duty of every good subject to die a Christian."

This was a poor account of the state of his soul, but it was plain I could make no better o't, by entering into any religious discourse or controversy with him, he being then in the last gasp; so I knelt down and prayed for him with great sincerity, imploring the Lord, as an awakening sense of grace to the dying man, that it would please him to lift up, though it were but for the season of a minute, the chastening hand which was laid so heavily upon his aged servant; at which Mr. Cayenne, as if indeed the hand had been then lifted, cried out, "None of that stuff, doctor; you know that I cannot call myself his servant."

Was ever a minister in his prayer so broken in upon by a perishing sinner! However, I had the weight of a duty upon me, and made no reply, but continued, "Thou hearest, O Lord! how he confesses his unworthiness—Let not thy compassion, therefore, be withheld, but verify to him the words that I have spoken in faith, of the boundlessness of thy goodness, and the infinite multitude of thy tender mercies." I then calmly, but sadly, sat down, and presently, as if my prayer had been heard, relief was granted; for Mr. Cayenne raised his head, and, giving me a queer look, said, "that last clause of your petition, doctor, was well put, and I think, too, it has been granted, for I am easier,"—adding, "I have, no doubt, doctor, given much offence in the world, and oftentimes when I meant to do good; but I have wilfully injured no man, and as God is my judge, and His goodness, you say, is so great. He may perhaps take my soul into His holy keeping." In saying which words, Mr. Cayenne dropped his head upon his breast, his breathing ceased, and he was wafted away out of this world with as little trouble as a blameless child."

Of Sir Andrew Wylie of that ilk we are not tempted to say so much. In this the author seems to us to have got out of his better vein; and, like a miner digging in every direction for ore, as often to work the barren soil or pursue a flaw, as to happen upon the valuable mineral. Sir Andrew, the hero, is a lusus nature; and though it may be granted that sagacity and cunning are capable of effecting great things in the world, yet there are things which they are not calculated to accomplish, and which in this novel they are made to achieve. We would, for example, state the love of a young, lovely, and sensitive girl. Such a one as Mary Cunningham is painted would never lose her heart's dearest affections to such a one as little Wheelie. His qualifications (such as they are) might recommend him to fortune, and through fortune to rank and consequence; but they are directly the reverse of those which would inspire an innocent and romantic girl with a tender passion. The man who does this must possess a different and a nobler nature; and then, be he crooked and insignificant in person as Wylie himself, superior intellectual endowments and grandeur of soul may render him worthy of the greatest bliss on earth, the devoted affections of a

lovely and accomplished woman. While confined to Scotland, the story of Wylie partakes in some degree of the author's more successful style; but from the moment the hero is lunched in London, absurdity and extravagance appear to supersede consistency and credibility. George Colman somewhere tells us,

— what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass;

But the adventures of Sir Andrew Wylie are dissident from that doctrine, and blend the possible and impossible together in the most friendly occurrence.

The Provost, recently published, seems to have been written as a companion and contrast to the *Annals of the Parish*: as the one is a picture of rural life, manners, and scenery; so is the other a picture of town life, feelings and habits. The volume unfolds the rise and progress of a low individual from the condition of a tailor's apprentice, till he arrives at the height of his ambition, and is provost or chief magistrate of the borough. This character is very nearly the provincial Wylie; and though drawn with considerable humour and talent, the sphere of his action offers nothing to interest us in his destiny or in the good or ill fortunes of his compatriots. We are rather induced by our custom than by preference to exemplify it by an extract; and shall finish our review with the author's relation of the consequences of a monopoly of meal by one Mr. Keg:

"It was on the Friday, our market-day, that the hobbleshaw began, and in the afternoon, when the farmers who had brought in their victual for sale were loading their carts to take it home again, the price not having come up to their expectation. All the forenoon, as the wives that went to the meal-market, came back railing with toom pocks and basins, it might have been foretold, that the farmers would have to abate their extortion, or that something would come o't before night. My new house and shop being forewent the market, I had noted this, and said to Mrs. Pawkie, my wife, what I thought would be the upshot, especially when, towards the afternoon, I observed the commonalty gathering in the market-place, and no sparing in their tongues to the farmers; so, upon her advice, I directed Thomas Snakers to put on the shutters.

"Some of the farmers were loading their carts to go home, when the schools skailed, and all the weans came shouting to the market. Still nothing happened, till tinkler Jean, a randy that had been with the army at the siege of Gibraltar, and, for aught I ken, in the Americas, if no in the Indies likewise;—she came with her meal-basin in her hand, swearing like a trooper, that if she did na get it filled with meal at fifteen-pence a peck, (the farmers demanded sixteen,) she would have the fu o't of their hearts' blood; and the mob of thoughtless weans and idle fellows, with shouts and yells, encouraged Jean, and egged her on to a catastrophe. The corruption of the farmers were thus raised, and a young rash lad, the son of James Dyke o' the Mount, whom Jean was black-guarding at a dreadful rate, and upbraiding on account of some play he had had with the Dalmailing session aenat a bairn, in an unguarded moment lifted his hand, and shook his neive in Jean's face, and even, as she said, struck her. He himself swore an affidavit that he gave her only a ding out of his

way; but be this as it may, at him rushed Jean, with open mouth, and broke her timber meal-basin on his head, as it had been an egg shell. Heaven only knows what next ensued; but in a jiffy the whole market-place was as white with scattered meal as if it had been covered with snow, and the farmers were seen flying helter skelter out at the townhead, pursued by the mob, in a hail and whirlwind of stones and glar. Then the drums were heard beating to arms, and the soldiers were seen flying to their rendezvous. I stood composedly at the dining-room window, and was very thankful that I was na Provost in such a hurricane, when I saw poor Mr. Keg, as pale as a dish-clout, running to and fro bareheaded, with the town-officers and their halberts at his heels, exhorting and crying, till he was as hoarse as a crow, to the angry multitude that was raging and tossing like a sea in the market-place. Then it was that he felt the consequence of his pridefulness towards me; for, observing me standing in serenity at the window, he came, and in a vehement manner cried to me for the love of Heaven to come to his assistance, and pacify the people. It would not have been proper in me to have refused; so out I went in the very nick of time, for when I got to the door, there was the soldiers in battle-array, coming marching with sife and drum up the gait with Major Blaze at their head, red and furious in the face, and bent on some bloody business. The first thing I did was to run to the Major, just as he was facing the men for a "charge bagonets" on the people, crying to him to halt, for the riot act was na yet read, and the murder of all that might be slain would lie at his door; at which to hear he stood aghast, and the men halted. Then I flew back to the Provost, and I cried to him, "Read the riot act!" which some of the mob hearing, became terrified thereat, none knowing the penalties or consequences thereof, when backed by soldiers; and in a moment, as if they had seen the glimpse of a terrible spirit in the air, the whole multitude dropped the dirt and stones out of their hands, and turning their backs, flew into doors and closes, and were skalled before we knew where we were. It is not to be told the land and admiration that I got for my ability in this business; for the Major was so well pleased to have been saved from a battle, that, at my suggestion, he wrote an account of the whole business to the commander-in-chief, assuring him that, but for me, and my great weight and authority in the town, nobody could tell what the issue might have been; so that the Lord Advocate, to whom the report was shown by the general, wrote me a letter of thanks in the name of the government; and I, although not Provost, was thus seen and believed to be a person of the foremost note and consideration in the town.

"But although the mob was dispersed, as I have related, the consequences did not end there; for, the week following, none of the farmers brought in their victual; and there was a great lamentation and moaning in the market-place, when, on the Friday, not a single cart from the country was to be seen, but only Simon Laidlaw's, with his timber cups and luggies; and the talk was, that meal would be half-a-crown the peck. The grief, however, of the business was na visible till the Saturday, the wanted day for the poor to seek their meat, when the swarm of beggars that came forth was a sight truly

calamitous. Many a decent auld woman that had patiently eked out the slender thread of a weary life with her wheel, in privacy, her scant and want known only to her Maker, was seen going from door to door, with the salt tear in her e'e, and looking in the face of the pitiful, being as yet unacquainted with the language of beggary; but the worst sight of all, was two bonny bairns, drest in their best, of a genteel demanour, going from house to house, like the hungry babes in the wood; nobody kent who they were, nor whar they came from; but as I was seeing them served myself at our door, I spoke to them, and they told me, that their mother was lying sick and ill at home. They were the orphans of a broken merchant from Glasgow, and, with their mother, had come out to our town the week before, without knowing where else to seek their meat.

Mrs. Pawkie, who was a tender-hearted mother herself, took in the bairns on hearing this, and we made of them, and the same night, among our acquaintance, we got a small sum raised to assist their mother, who proved a very well bred and respectable lady-like creature. When she got better, she was persuaded to take up a school, which she kept for some years, with credit to herself and benefit to the community, till she got a legacy left her by a brother that died in India, the which, being some thousands, caused her to remove into Edinburgh, for the better education of her own children, and its seldom that legacies are so well bestowed, for she never forgot Mrs. Pawkie's kindness, and out of the fore-end of her wealth she sent her a very handsome present. Divers matters of elegance have come to us from her, year by year, since aye, and regularly on the anniversary day of that sore Saturday, as the Saturday following the meal mob was ever after called."

We now take our leave of Mr. Galt's works of fiction; works which display very peculiar powers for painting national manners in certain classes, and are exceedingly unequal, not to say inferior, whenever they are exercised out of that boundary. Like one of the Flemish masters, his pictures are often fac similes of native scenes, costume and character, and he excels any one of them that we know in mingling the touching with the droll. This is his forte, and when he endeavours to step beyond it, he seems to us to resemble the Flemish master attempting the Roman school—his failure aggravated by the excellence of his congenial productions.

Voyage en Suisse, &c. &c. Par L. Simond, Auteur du Voyage d'un Français en Angleterre, &c. &c. A Paris. 1822. Chez Treuttel et Würtz. A Strasbourg et à Londres, même Maison de Commerce.

[A Tour in Switzerland, performed in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By L. Simond. 2 vols. pp. 650, and 596.]

It has been often remarked, that England is famous for the colonies of tourists which, in an interval of peace, she sends forth to overrun every habitable (and sometimes, indeed, uninhabitable) part of the globe; in addition to which, the mania for writing on their return is so strong, that it is seldom that less than a description in quarto of their journey can content the active travellers, even should their peregrinations

have extended no farther than to Ostend or Boulogne. In short, since 1815, our country has been inundated with Voyages, Travels, Tours, Itineraries, Journals, Diaries, Letters to Friends, &c. &c. &c. various in their degrees of merit, but each having for its object the description of some chosen spot of Europe, which the happy author has had the good fortune to visit, and to immortalize in the presses of Paternoster Row or Albemarle Street. These publications are not yet failing in number; and our neighbours on the other side of the Straits of Dover, though in numerical proportion still far behind, seem in some degree infected with the same *cacoethes*, and to be fast treading in our steps. It was but lately* we had occasion to notice a Tour from Dieppe to the Highlands of Scotland; and our present attention is called to an account of a Journey in Switzerland, professing on the title-page to be from the pen of the Author of "The Tour of a Frenchman in England." We have not had the good fortune to read his former publication; but with the present we feel every reason to be satisfied. It is a very fair and full account of the country of which it professes to treat, written by a person of considerable information, and in an easy amusing style; enlivened throughout with the personal adventures of the author in his Tour, yet never tainted too strongly with egotism.

For the entertainment of our readers we shall translate† from the work several passages most likely to conduce to that end, premising that, by the author's statement, "his Journey in England having been favourably received, he has pursued the same course with regard to the present work, namely, that of keeping an exact journal of every thing that came under his observation, noted down at the very instant; reserving to himself only to verify and extend these facts by subsequent researches."

His Tour begins at Fontainebleau, on the 30th May 1817:—

At the palace, strangers are shewn the staircase by which the Emperor descended to pass in review, for the last time, the remains of the army from which he was about to separate; the small table also, on which he signed his abdication, is exhibited, as well as the mark of a kick which he inflicted on it.

Our author relates, too, the story of the sale of a pen to almost every John Bull traveller, as that with which Buonaparte signed his renunciation of the throne. Of course he laughs at the buyers of these "real pens of abdication."

He continues his remarks on Fontainebleau, and laments heavily the bad taste which universally prevails in its neighbourhood in the laying out of grounds:—

An English garden, according to French ideas, should have its bridge, its rock, its ruin, and, if possible, its cascade. Josephine has done something of all this at Fontainebleau. Her plantations are of pretty considerable extent, for she had some sparks of

* See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 267.

† We had prepared this Review before the English edition, which was published a fortnight ago by Mr. Murray, appeared.

good taste; * but they are yet too young to have much effect on a surface so extended. As we were admiring some fine chestnut-trees, a man with a bag-wig, and a sword by his side, who did the honours of the place for a couple of shillings, informed us they were the remains of the old garden, formerly covered with a thick shade, and that all the trees but these had been cut down. "But why?" we exclaimed, in surprise.—"By our Lady, I know nothing about it—it was necessary, don't you see, to make the English garden."

The travellers (for they are four in number) continue their route to Auxonne; and passing by Dijon and Salins, the author enters Switzerland at Igugne, near the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchâtel, and after several excursions among the Jura Alps, which, though far inferior in sublimity to their more exalted neighbours, still afford much romantic and beautiful scenery, pursues his journey to Motiers:

Here is shewn the house of the Genevese Philosopher, the desk against the wall upon which he wrote, standing upright, and two small holes in a groove, by which he surveyed from the first floor all comers, without being seen himself. His arrest decreed by the parliament of Paris in 1762, subsequently driven out of Yverdon by the government of Bern, he obtained from Marshal Keith (the governor of the principality of Neuchâtel for the King of Prussia,) permission to reside at Motiers-Travers; and it was from this place he wrote his celebrated *Letters from the Mountain*, which set Geneva in a flame, and drew down on their author some slight insults from the people of the valley, which he quitted to retire into the Isle St. Pierre, on the lake of Bienné. The old men recollect to have seen Rousseau, (a little more than fifty years have since elapsed;) and they admit that the village children threw stones at him, or rather at his house; but do not believe the Letters from the Mountain were the cause of this, but rather the instigation of his housekeeper, who being tired of Motier-Travers, wished to disgust him with it.

The tourist follows the philosopher's footsteps, and soon finds himself at the Isle St. Pierre; and on visiting the habitation in which he had resided, he finds

The honours of the house done by a German Swiss hostess. His room is kept in the same state as he left it. The walls are covered with poetical effusions on the philosopher of Geneva, the book destined for this purpose not being sufficiently large. In running over a few pages of this book, we satisfied ourselves of the proportional number of travellers from different countries, and this was the result: fifty-three Swiss and Germans, four Russians, two Hollanders, one Italian, five Frenchmen, three Americans, twenty-eight Englishmen.

Proceeding northwards, the traveller crosses the Rhine, and shortly enters Germany near Waldshut:—

The bridge which crosses the Rhine at Schingen is built of wood, and covered with a roof. The seven arches, which are reckoned at about fifty or sixty feet each, would give a

* The gardens of Rambouillet and Trianon are due to the good taste of the illustrious and unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa.

breadth to the river of near four hundred feet. M. Ebel says, that at Bâle it is but 250 feet broad, where it is probably much deeper than here. We crossed two leagues farther on by the bridge of Luffenbourg, venerable from its age, but so elevated, and apparently so decayed, as to induce us to alight from our carriage in going over. It is built on rocks, through which the Rhine forces a passage with such violence, that only empty boats pass, and those by means of ropes which hold them back, and afford time to guide them. A young Englishman (Lord Montague) met his death here a few years since, by imprudently attempting to conduct his boat without these precautions. By a singular combination of misfortunes, his seat in England (Cowdray Castle) was burnt down the same day on which he was drowned in the Rhine.

On their route to Schaffâusen they again encounter the Rhine, and close to its fall.

Having directed our *voiturier* to go on before us, we proceeded on foot to see this wonder of the world. We had first a bird's-eye view of it, and the sight took in the whole at once—the rocks above, the gulf beneath, the fall between both divided into five discharges by four large rocks, black, isolated, and undermined, opposing to its fury the tranquil inertness of their masses and the hardness of their elements. Worn away for numberless ages on every point of their surfaces successively, but now at their base alone, they have seen other masses disappear which were far more considerable, and formed a continuous barrier over which the river leaped with a fall double its present precipitation. We will not undertake to calculate how many centuries it has required to effect this change; the problem might be somewhat too bold. Some people will tell you, that in their youths two of the pillars were still accessible, and they relate the dangers which they have often run in taking birds'-nests on the summits, which are now out of all reach; but it may perhaps be that these bird-disturbers have themselves undergone the change which they attribute to the fall of the Rhine.

The author often finds some inconvenience in his tour, from his want of knowledge of the German language; he states, however, that his acquaintance with the English is frequently of service to him. An instance of this occurs at Schaffâusen, where,

On our guide quitting us, he had directed our steps to the Crown Inn to rejoin him; but to our great disappointment, not a soul in the streets of Schaffâusen understood our enquiries for *La Couronne*. It was already night, and the situation was becoming critical, when the word *Crown* got us out of the scrape—"Oh die Krone!"—and we were conducted thither instantly.

The exploits of the Chamois hunters sometimes enliven the pages of the present volume. Their unwearied perseverance, joined to the skill and activity which they display in their pursuits, call for the author's meed of praise; and he gives an anecdote of one, while engaged in a different course, strikingly descriptive of their firmness:—

The *lammergeyer*, the largest of the birds of prey after the condor of America, measuring

sixteen feet across when the wings are extended, frequents the north of Switzerland; it sometimes carries off the young kids; and even large dogs. M. Ebel relates a story of a chasseur of this country (Joseph Schoren), who having discovered a nest belonging to one of these terrible birds, and killed the male, crept along the jut of a rock, his feet bare, the better to keep himself firm, in hopes of catching the young ones. He raised his arm, and had already his hand upon the nest, when the female pouncing on him from above, struck her talons through his arm and her beak into his loins. The hunter, whom the smallest movement would have precipitated to the bottom, lost not his presence of mind, but remained firm, rested his fowling-piece, which fortunately he held in his left hand, against the rock, and with his foot directing it full on the bird, touched the trigger, and she fell dead. The wounds which he had received confined him for several months. These hunters are men from whom the savages of America might learn lessons of patience and courage in the midst of dangers and privations. The greater part come to a tragical end. They disappear, and the disfigured remains which are now and then found, alone inform us of their fate.

Near this relation of the *lammergeyer*, may be placed an anecdote of the vultures at Muotta-Thal. This place had been the scene of many bloody combats between the Russians under Suwarrow, and the French; and

Armies passed by narrow footpaths where the Chamois hunters themselves take off their shoes, and cling by their hands to escape a fall. They fought on the edges of the most frightful precipices, and peopled the icy regions of the higher Alps with dead. When in the following spring, the snows which had covered the bodies disappeared, the vultures, surfeited on this abundance of human prey, became so delicate, that, to make use of my guide's expression, they would select nothing but the eyes for the nurture of their young.

Our extracts have already extended to a great length, or we should have been glad to have given the account of the Chamois hunting itself, which is interesting, and well described; we must, however, pass it by.

The fall of the great mountain of Rossberg gives M. Simond occasion to furnish his readers with a minute description of the dreadful calamity, which, but for a similar reason, we should certainly copy. The travellers then visit Grindelwald, whose inhabitants having but little intercourse with the world, retain, in some degree, their primitive simplicity:—

They see little of strangers, and before the present picturesque age, they saw still less. Without commerce or manufactures, their agriculture is confined to the cultivation of a few fields of wheat and barley, and to the rearing of their cattle, which are three times as numerous as the people. They know of no objects of luxury beyond what they make for themselves; no bad example from without corrupts their morals; and one might expect to find among them those virtues which are commonly attributed to the earlier ages of the human species, when the patri-archs lived so well and so long. Nevertheless, with this primitive people, we find the intellectual qualities very confined, a mo-

ality which is not stainless, and no *centuria*. A single example was known of an individual who had attained ninety-five; and from sixty to seventy is the most advanced age to which the inhabitants in general reach. After all, there is reason to believe that health as well as virtue accommodates itself better with the cultivation of the mind, and with the wants of luxury and industry, than with ignorant simplicity, habitual indolence, or even the chase of the Chamois.

M. Simond does not speak very highly of our countryman, Mr. Gibbon:—

At Lausanne, his house is one of the principal objects of curiosity in the town, and the present proprietor suffers something in consequence; nevertheless he did the honours of it with great good-humour. The principal apartment (at present a counting-house,) must have been pleasant; but the terrace, on which Gibbon passed so many encomiums, is small, sandy, destitute of shade, looking to an orchard which totally obstructs the sight, is quite broiling; and the little closet in which the historian wrote the last lines of his great work, on the Decline of the Roman Empire, is now declining itself, and falling fast into ruin. The illustrious author has not left behind him here many favourable recollections;—minute, exacting, referring every thing to self, and that self a being somewhat repulsive.

The number of our fellow-countrymen to be met with in every city of the Continent, often calls for the remarks of M. Simond, (who, by the bye, never speaks in an unfriendly way of the proud Islanders) and at Geneva he of course finds no want of Englishmen:—

The Genevese are naturally well disposed towards the English; religion, government, and manners, are bonds of sympathy and mutual friendship; and besides they are not neighbours, an indispensable negative condition to the good understanding of nations. Formerly, many young Englishmen received part of their education at Geneva, and there formed friendly connexions which lasted their lives. A still greater number of Genevese went to England, with a view to fortune or to instruction; and the greater part of well-born persons here understand the language. Buonaparte, who did not like the Genevese, once in discoursing of them, said, "*They speak English too well for me.*"—Under these circumstances, one should have thought that on the arrival of the English, after a forced separation of twenty or five and twenty years, there would have been a simultaneous attraction of these sympathetic elements. There was indeed some little warmth, but very little connexion; and the English who swarm at Geneva, as every where else on the Continent, not only do not mix more in society there than elsewhere, but appear even to be less pleased there than usual. The Genevese, on their side, declare that they cannot recognize their ancient friends the English, "who were (say they), sedate and reasonable, and in whom some little tint of barbarism gave additional value to that chivalric generosity and that cultivation of mind which formed the basis of their character. Their young folks gave indeed into some excesses, and follies, but they soon recovered themselves, and ere they reached a ripe age, became as steady as their fathers. Instead of this, we see an inundation rushing

in upon us without cessation, making their crusades to Rome, instead of the Holy Sepulchre. The ancient barbarism has become disdain, and sometimes degenerates into rudeness. They keep themselves in a corner, say nothing, or if they speak, it is but to mock. Whether through pride or suspicion, they fly even from each other, as if fearful of a plague: one knows not what conduct to pursue among them. If you invite many, you disoblige them; it is to force them to give countenance to persons whom they are in despair to see seated near them. If you ask them alone, they seem to be *ennuyé*. Speak to them of the English of former times, it must have been before the deluge; talk of literature, it is pedantry, and they yawn; of politics, and they instantly *bether* about Buonaparte."

To this account from the Genevese, the author adds some fair reflections of his own, which we have not space to insert, nor will our limits permit us to pursue his route any farther. It comprehends the greater part of this romantic country, and we have no doubt that the present work will often be the companion of our travelling countrymen in their excursions to Switzerland. It is a place with which they are continually coming in contact, and little of it remains to be described to the indefatigable British tourist. We must now take our leaves of M. Simond and his Journey, with which we have been well satisfied; and we cannot conclude our account of his book in a better way, than by giving a few of his general remarks towards the close of his Tour:—

It is time to put a stop to this long journey, taken in a space so confined. In describing the Swiss such as I have found them, I have shewn them in different lights, for never did so small a country present a people less homogeneous, and their picture can only be produced by a group of portraits. Formerly, Switzerland was spoken of with enthusiasm—the fashion has changed. Her free institutions, her plain and simple manners, the courage of her inhabitants, all gained universal admiration. To describe her, was to sing of her beauties; but now mankind are more disposed to undervalue, without being sufficiently acquainted with her. The philosophers say she is a century behind in knowledge; the liberals, that her smaller cantons are mere caricatures of liberty, and the larger nothing but inveterate oligarchies; and lastly, soldiers consider it only as a good country to occupy when war is to be made upon a grand scale.*

We have not had time to look into the Historical Essay in the second volume.

* Spoken in the Chamber of Deputies the 17th June 1820.

Lo Zingaro. Romanzo, revisto e corretto da M. Santagnello. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1822. H. Berthoud.

SIGNOR SANTAGNELLO has brought forward an Italian tale, entitled *Lo Zingaro* (Gipsy.) The lucid and elegant language of this production is well calculated to win the young student of the Italian to its perusal: and so far it fulfils the professed object of the writer. The story abounds in adventures and scenes of alternate elegance and turbulence. The seductive manners and the bold

licentiousness of character which grace or degrade society, are interestingly depicted. The hero and heroine of the tale are agreeable portraits, and the course of their fortunes and the denouement of their loves are strictly moral; but the previous vicissitudes and perils of the lady are, as we think, too minutely painted, for they are of that shade that with many readers is apt to awaken an ill-directed interest; and the completion of her misfortunes could scarcely have needed much more detail than does her very rescue from often expected ruin.

BURCKHARDT'S SYRIA, ETC. 4to.

The Isamayls, Mr. B. thinks, cannot muster above 800 firelocks; the Anzeerys, their foes, about thrice that number. Of the latter the following disgusting but extraordinary details are given: at Shennyn, where the author lodged with one of their Sheikhs—

As our hosts appeared to be good natured people, I entered, after supper, into conversation with them, with a view to obtain some information upon their religious tenets; but they were extremely reserved upon this head. I had heard that the Anzeerys maintained from time to time some communication with the East Indies, and that there was a temple there belonging to their sect, to which they occasionally sent messengers. In the course of our conversation I said that I knew there were some Anzeerys in the East Indies; they were greatly amazed at this, and enquired how I had obtained my information; and their countenances seemed to indicate that there was some truth in my assertion. They are divided into different sects, of which nothing is known except the names, viz. Kelbye, Shamsye, and Mokladje. Some are said to adore the sun and the stars, and others the pudendum muliebri. The Mokladje wear in their girdle a small iron hook, which they use when making water; it is also said that they prostrate themselves every morning before their naked mothers, saying ———— and it is asserted that they have a promiscuous intercourse with their females in a dark apartment every Friday night; but these are mere reports. It is a fact, however, that they entertain the curious belief that the soul ought to quit the dying person's body by the mouth. And they are extremely cautious against any accident which they imagine may prevent it from taking that road. For this reason, whenever the government of Ladakie or Tripoli condemns an Anzeery to death, his relations offer considerable sums that he may be empaled instead of hanged. I can vouch for the truth of this belief, which proves at least that they have some idea of a future state. It appears that there are Anzeerys in Anatolia and at Constantinople. Some years since a great man of this sect died in the mountain of Antioch, and the water with which his corpse had been washed was carefully put into bottles and sent to Constantinople and Asia Minor.

We talk of the debasement of Hottentots and Botucudos; but no savage tribe disgraces humanity by such vile habits as these.

Of Tripoli the author furnishes a concise account. Its chief exports are silk (about

65,000/ worth annually) and sponges. The latter

... are procured on the sea shore; but the best are found at a little depth in the sea. The demand for them during the last two years has been very trifling; but I was told that fifty bales of twelve thousand sponges each might be yearly furnished; their price is from twenty-five to forty piastres per thousand.

From Tripoli Burckhardt returned to Damascus by the way of Kesrouan, and along the coast. The ancient Byblus, now Djebail, is enclosed

... by a wall, some parts of which appear to be of the time of the crusades. Upon a stone in the wall I saw a rose, with a smaller one on each side. There is a small castle here, in which the Emir Beshir keeps about forty men. A few years ago Djebail was the residence of the Christian Abd el Ahad; he and his brother Djordjos Bas were the head men of the Emir Beshir, and in fact were more potent than their master. Djordjos Bas resided at Deir el Kammar. The district of Djebail was under the command of Abd el Ahad, who built a very good house here; but the two brothers shared the fate of all Christians who attempt to rise above their sphere; they were both put to death in the same hour by the Emir's orders; indeed there is scarcely an instance in the modern history of Syria, of a Christian or Jew having long enjoyed the power or riches which he may have acquired: these persons are always taken off in the moment of their greatest apparent glory. Abd el Hak, at Antioch; Hanna Kubbe, at Ladakie; Karaly, at Aleppo; are all examples of this remark. But, as in the most trifling, so in the most serious concerns, the Levantine enjoys the present moment, without ever reflecting on future consequences. The house of Hayne, the Jew Seraf, or banker, at Damascus and Acre, whose family may be said to be the real governors of Syria, and whose property, at the most moderate calculation, amounts to three hundred thousand pounds sterling, are daily exposed to the same fate. The head of the family, a man of great talents, has lost his nose, his ears, and one of his eyes, in the service of Djazzar, yet his ambition is still unabated, and he prefers a most precarious existence, with power, in Syria, to the ease and security he might enjoy by emigrating to Europe.

Near Antoura is

... the ruined convent of Bekerke, once the residence of the famous Hindye, whose history Volney has given. Now that passions have cooled, and that the greater part of the persons concerned are dead, it is the general opinion that Hindye's only crime was her ambition to pass for a saint. The abominable acts of debauchery and cruelty of which she was accused, are probably imaginary: but it is certain that she rigorously punished the nuns of her convent who hesitated to believe in her sanctity, or who doubted the visits of Jesus Christ, of which she boasted. Hindye died about ten years since in retirement, in the convent of Seidet el Hakle. At one hour and a half from Antoura, on the top of the mountain, is the convent of Harissa, belonging to the Franciscans of Terra Santa, and inhabited at present by a single Piedmontese monk. On the breaking out of the war between England and the Porte, Mr. Barker,

the Consul at Aleppo, received from the Emir Beshir an offer of this convent as a place of refuge in his territory. Mr. Barker resided here for two years and a half, and his prudent and liberal conduct have done great credit to the English name in the mountain. The French consuls on the coast applied several times to the Emir Beshir, by express orders from the French government, to have Mr. Barker and his family removed; but the Emir twice tore their letters in pieces and returned them by the messenger as his only answer.

Beyond this the country is chiefly peopled by Druses, of whom we have an interesting account:

With respect to the true religion of the Druses, none but a learned Druse can satisfy the enquirer's curiosity. What I have already said of the Anzeiryys is equally applicable to the Druses; their religious opinions will remain for ever a secret, unless revealed by a Druse. Their customs, however, may be described; and, as far as they can tend to elucidate the mystery, the veil may be drawn aside by the researches of the traveller. It seems to be a maxim with them to adopt the religious practices of the country in which they reside, and to profess the creed of the strongest. Hence they all profess Islamism in Syria; and even those who have been baptised on account of their alliance with the Shehab family, still practise the exterior forms of the Mohammedan faith. There is no truth in the assertion that the Druses go one day to the mosque and the next to the church. They all profess Islamism, and whenever they mix with Mohammedans they perform the rites prescribed by their religion. In private, however, they break the fast of Ramadhan, curse Mohammed, indulge in wine, and eat food forbidden by the Koran. They bear an inveterate hatred to all religions except their own, but more particularly to that of the Franks, chiefly in consequence of a tradition current among them that the Europeans will one day overthrow their commonwealth: this hatred has been increased since the invasion of the French, and the most unpardonable insult which one Druse can offer to another, is to say to him, "May God put a hat on you!" Allah yelebesak borneita.

Nothing is more sacred with a Druse than his public reputation: he will overlook an insult if known only to him who has offered it; and will put up with blows where his interest is concerned, provided nobody is a witness; but the slightest abuse given in public he revenges with the greatest fury. This is the most remarkable feature of the national character: in public a Druse may appear honourable; but he is easily tempted to a contrary behaviour when he has reason to think that his conduct will remain undiscovered. The ties of blood and friendship have no power amongst them; the son no sooner attains the years of maturity than he begins to plot against his father. Examples are not wanting of their assailing the chastity of their mothers, and towards their sisters such conduct is so frequent, that a father never allows a full grown son to remain alone with any of the females of his family. Their own religion allows them to take their sisters in marriage; but they are restrained from indulging in this connexion, on account of its repugnance to the Mohammedan laws. A Druse seldom has more than one wife,

but he divorces her under the slightest pretext; and it is a custom among them, that if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says to her "Go;" without adding "and come back," she is thereby divorced; nor can her husband recover her, even though it should be their mutual wish, till she is married again according to the Turkish forms, and divorced from her second husband. It is known that the Druses, like all Levantines, are very jealous of their wives; adultery, however, is rarely punished with death; if a wife is detected in it, she is divorced; but the husband is afraid to kill her seducer, because his death would be revenged, for the Druses are inexorable with respect to the law of retaliation of blood; they know too that if the affair were to become public, the governor would ruin both parties by his extortions. Unnatural propensities are very common amongst them.

The Akal are those who are supposed to know the doctrines of the Druse religion; they superintend divine worship in the chapels or, as they are called, Khaloue, and they instruct the children in a kind of catechism. They are obliged to abstain from swearing, and all abusive language, and dare not wear any article of gold or silk in their dress. Many of them make it a rule never to eat of any food, nor to receive any money, which they suspect to have been improperly acquired. For this reason, whenever they have to receive considerable sums of money, they take care that it shall be first exchanged for other coin. The Sheikh El Nedjem, who generally accompanies the Sheikh Beshir, in his visits to the Emir, never tastes food in the palace of the latter, nor even smokes a pipe there, always asserting that whatever the Emir possesses has been unlawfully obtained. There are different degrees of Akal, and women are also admitted into the order, a privilege which many avail themselves of, from parsimony, as they are thus exempted from wearing the expensive head-dress and rich silks fashionable among them.

A father cannot entirely disinherit his son, in that case his will would be set aside; but he may leave him a single mulberry tree for his portion. There is a Druse Kadhi at Deir el Kammar, who judges according to the Turkish laws, and the customs of the Druses; his office is hereditary in a Druse family; but he is held in little repute, as all causes of importance are carried before the Emir or the Sheikh Beshir.

The Druses do not circumcise their children; circumcision is practised only in the mountain by those members of the Shehab family who continue to be Mohammedans.

The best feature in the Druse character is that peculiar law of hospitality, which forbids them ever to betray a guest. I made particular enquiries on this subject, and I am satisfied that no consideration of interest or dread of power will induce a Druse to give up a person who has once placed himself under his protection. Persons from all parts of Syria are in the constant practice of taking refuge in the mountain, where they are in perfect security from the moment they enter upon the Emir's territory; should the prince ever be tempted by large offers to consent to give up a refugee, the whole country would rise, to prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. The mighty Djazzar, who had invested his own creatures with the government of the mountain, never could force them to give up a single individual of

all those who fled thither from his tyranny. Whenever he became very urgent in his demands, the Emir informed the fugitive of his danger, and advised him to conceal himself for a time in some more distant part of his territory; an answer was then returned to Djeddar that the object of his resentment had fled. The asylum which is thus afforded by the mountain is one of the greatest advantages that the inhabitants of Syria enjoy over those in the other parts of the Turkish dominions.

The Druses are extremely fond of raw meat; whenever a sheep is killed, the raw liver, heart, &c. are considered dainties; the Christians follow their example, but with the addition of a glass of brandy with every slice of meat. In many parts of Syria I have seen the common people eat raw meat in their favourite dish the Kobbes; the women, especially, indulge in this luxury.

Mr. Barker told me that during his two years residence at Harissa and in the mountain, he never heard any kind of music. The Christians are too devout to occupy themselves with such worldly pleasures, and the Druses have no sort of musical instruments.

The Druses have a few historical books which mention their nation; Ibn Shebat, for instance, as I was told, gives in his history of the Califes, that of the Druses also, and of the family of Shehab. Emir Haidar, a relation of the Emir Beshir, has lately begun to compile a history of the Shehabs, which already forms a thick quarto volume.

I believe that the greatest amount of the military forces of the Druses is between ten and fifteen thousand firelocks; the Christians of the mountain may, perhaps, be double that number; but I conceive that the most potent Pasha or Emir would never be able to collect more than twenty thousand men from the mountain.

SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, BABYLONIA, ETC.

Continuing our review of this pleasing work, the next extract gives a striking view of Society in Bagdad:

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad, are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eye-brows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo-leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissue muslins, not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds, and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians.

Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a grey colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal, or dinner, is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show; which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced; when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *connoisseurs* for some time. Between this second banquet, and the preceding, the perfumed narghilly is never absent from their rose lips; excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology, she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding that the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making, in all, a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult, and joyful strains of this conviviality, gradually become fainter and fainter; first one, and then another of the visitors, (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god,) sink down under the drowsy influence; till, at length, the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eye-lids," the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness; and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water, and the muttering of prayers; presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower; and tripping lightly forward, with garments, and, perhaps, looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again, into all the

depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalliouns, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate; after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

On the 9th of November, Sir Robert again set forth for Babylon, having, on account of the war between the Pasha and the surrounding Arabs, an additional escort, and the company of M. Belino. He thus proceeds:—

November 9th, 1818.—I was now fully embarked on my long-anticipated expedition; and having passed the gate of the western suburb, I looked around me on the vast extended Chaldean plain east of the Euphrates, with a delight that seemed for some minutes to send me on the wing over its whole interesting tract; ranging both sides of that mighty river, and to wherever the majesty of Babylon had flowed down its venerable stream. Ptolemy, in describing the great plain of Babylonia, bounds it by the Arabian desert to the west, by Susiana to the east, the Persian Gulf to the South, and Mesopotamia to the north. The appropriation of the latter term here, (which, properly speaking, designates the whole country girt by the two rivers,) is to be received as meaning that part only, which stretches south-east from Mount Masius, to the celebrated Median wall, that closed the isthmus between Macepracta and Opis; nearly where the land draws in, something like the shape of an hour-glass. This wall is understood to have been built by the Babylonian monarchs, to prevent the incursions of the Median kings, when they were masters of Assyria; all north of that boundary having formerly belonged to the dominion of Nineveh. It was not till after the destruction of the latter capital, by the father of Nebuchadnezzar, that Babylon attained its acme of glory under that great prince himself. And, in advancing towards its prodigious remains, (apparently doomed to exist for ever, in some form or other, an awful monument of confusion!) it may not be disagreeable to refresh our memory of the subject a little, by a clear view of the city, as it is represented in the descriptions of our best authorities.

According to Herodotus, the walls were 60 miles in circumference, built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, and raised round the city in the form of an exact square; hence they measured 15 miles along each face. They were 87 feet thick, and 350 high, protected on the outside by a vast ditch lined with the same materials, and proportioned in depth and width to the elevation of the walls. They were entered by 25 gates on each side, made of solid brass, and additionally strengthened by 250 towers. Within these walls rose the multitudinous streets, palaces, and other great works of Babylon; including the temple of Belus, the hanging gardens, and all the magnificence which constituted this city the wonder of the world. A branch of the Euphrates flowed through the city, from the north to the south; and was crossed by a strong bridge, constructed at the foundation, of large stones fastened together with lead and iron. While it was building, the course of the river was turned into a large basin, to the west of the town; which had been cut to the extent of

40 square miles, and 75 feet deep, for a yet nobler purpose; to receive the same ample stream, while the great artificial banks were erecting of brick on each side of the bed of the river, to secure the country from its too abundant overflow. Canals were cut for this purpose also; one of these led to the immense basin already described, which, when required, disembogued the river into its capacious bosom; and always continued to receive its superfluous; returning the water, when necessary, by various sluices to fructify the ground. During the three great empires of the East, no tract of the whole appears to have been so reputed for fertility and riches as the district of Babylonia; and all arising from the due management of this mighty stream. Herodotus mentions, that even when reduced to the rank of a province, it yielded a revenue to the kings of Persia that comprised half their income. And the terms in which the Scriptures describe its natural, as well as acquired supremacy when it was the imperial city, evidence the same facts. They call it, "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency. The Lady of Kingdoms, given to pleasure; that dwellest carelessly, and sayest in her heart, I am, and there is none else beside me!" But now, in the same expressive language, we may say, "She sits as a widow on the ground. There is no more a throne for thee, O daughter of the Chaldeans!" And for the abundance of the country, it has vanished as clean away, as if "the besom of desolation" had indeed swept it from north to south; the whole land, from the outskirts of Bagdad to the farthest stretch of sight, lying a melancholy waste.

The picture of Babylon is equally striking:

After a ride of newly awakening interest at almost every turn of our heads, we arrived at the khau of Hadgé Sulieman, (a poor little place, erected by a devotee of that name,) about eight miles from Iskanderia. Here we halted, to refresh our horses, and regale ourselves with coffee; a beverage much increased in flavour by our Arab host adding a few cloves to its composition. Close to this place the road is intersected by a canal, full of water in the earlier part of the year; but when we passed it, not a drop of the genial fluid was to be seen. An hour more, however, brought us in view of something like moisture and vegetation; the date-trees of the village of Mahowil rose before us; and they were the first trees of any kind we had seen since we quitted Bagdad. Mahowil lies four miles from the Hadgé's khau; and is only separated from the plain more immediately connected, with the remains of Babylon, by the embankments of two once noble canals, very near each other, and running almost due east and west. In the first, which we crossed by a brick bridge, we saw water. These canals seem at present to be regarded as the boundary, whence the decided vestiges of the great city commence; and we soon discovered their widely spreading tracks. In crossing the bridge, which leads to those immense tumuli of temples, palaces, and human habitations of every description; now buried in shapeless heaps, and a silence profound as the grave; I could not but feel an undescribable awe, in thus passing, as it were, into the gates of "fallen Babylon."

Between this bridge and Hillah (something more than eight miles distant), three

piles of great magnitude, particularly attract attention; but there are many minor objects to arrest investigation in the way.

View of the Euphrates—

An hour and a quarter more brought us to the north-east shore of the Euphrates, hitherto totally excluded from our view by the intervening long and varied lines of ruin, which now proclaimed to us on every side, that we were, indeed, in the midst of what had been Babylon. From the point on which we stood, to the base of Mujelibé, large masses of ancient foundations spread on our right, more resembling natural hills in appearance, than mounds covering the remains of former great and splendid edifices. To the eastward also, chains of these undulating heaps were visible, but many not higher than the generality of the canal embankments we had passed. The whole view was particularly solemn. The majestic stream of the Euphrates wandering in solitude, like a pilgrim monarch through the silent ruins of his devastated kingdom, still appeared a noble river, even under all the disadvantages of its desert-tracked course. Its banks were hoary with reeds, and the grey osier willows were yet there, on which the captives of Israel hung up their harps, and while *Jerusalem was not*, refused to be comforted. But how is the rest of the scene changed since then! At that time, these broken hills were palaces; those long undulating mounds, streets; this vast solitude, filled with the busy subjects of the proud daughter of the East! Now, "*wasted with misery*," her habitations are not to be found; and, for herself, "*the worm is spread over her*!"

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HYDRAULIC ORRERY.

An exceedingly ingenious and interesting invention, under the above title, is at present to be seen at 407 Strand. It is the work of Mr. Busby, and obtained the Gold Vulcan Medal from the Society of Arts. Exhibitions of this sort do not however admit of adequate description, without going much more at large into details than we can afford room for; and, therefore, we recommend a personal inspection of the apparatus, both to the scientific and to youth desirous of information. The principal Orrery consists of a large trough or tub, filled with water, in the centre of which is a floating basin, with a globe representing the Sun, and the solar motion is caused by a minute stream discharged laterally from a siphon contained in the basin. Round the edge of the tub, the Earth, similarly borne, represented, and acted upon, performs her course; and by a very curious contrivance of machinery, not only her orbicular revolution and polar positions towards the Sun are accurately given, but the Moon (supported on a circular floating ring, and observing the austral obliquity of orbit, change of nodes, &c.) is obviously constructed so as to impress the motions of all these heavenly bodies on the mind in the clearest manner.

Another contrivance affords a good idea of Jupiter and his Satellites: the process is effected by rarefied air, and a small lamp is the moving principle. This however seemed

to us too uncertain for accuracy, the stream of air being readily affected by extrinsic causes. But viewed altogether, we have no hesitation in expressing our cordial approbation of Mr. Busby's very novel and interesting apparatus, to the examination of which we take upon our own responsibility to invite the inquisitive of every description.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, May 23.—On Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Daniel Cave, Esq. Exeter College, grand compounder; Rev. W. Boycott, Demy of Magdalen College; Rev. W. Roch, Exhibitor of Trinity College; Rev. J. Bonham, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir A. Malet, Ch. Ch. grand compounder; C. Harbin, scholar of Wadham College; Bryan Taylor Nurse, Queen's College; A. Poole, St. Edmund Hall; C. R. Ward, Magdalen Hall; J. Linton, Demy of Magdalen College; Carew A. St. John Mildmay, and R. Green Rogers, Oriel College; J. Stuart Wortley and D. F. Markham, Christ Church; W. Mayd, Exeter College; C. Moffat, W. H. Walton, J. St. Vincent Bowen, J. Lloyd Philipps, and Hon. A. Curzon, Brasenose Coll.; Archer J. Langley, University College; R. Mayo, Law Exhibitioner, St. John's College; G. Dandridge and J. Owens, Worcester College; T. K. W. Harries, Jesus College.

The whole number of Degrees in Easter Term was: B.D. 2—M.A. 28—B.A. 66—Matriculations, 87.

On Thursday last, the first day of Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. Ashhurst Turner Gilbert, Principal of Brasenose College; Rev. J. Birt, Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—H. W. Buckley, Fellow of Merton College; W. Heald Ludlow, Esq. Barrister at Law, Queen's College; the Hon. A. F. Irbys, J. Haythorne, St. Mary Hall; Rev. E. Brown, Magdalen Hall; Rev. Bernard J. Ward, Trinity Col.; Rev. T. Lambard, Rev. C. H. Cox, and the Hon. and Rev. H.A. Napier Christ Church; D. Deune, Exeter College; Rev. J. Baron, F. Stonehewer Newbold, and Marmaduke Vavasour, Brasenose College; Rev. Hngo Moreton Philipps, Worcester College; Rev. W. H. Mogridge, Jesus College; Rev. J. Sinclair, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Batchellor and T. Simpson Evans, St. Alban Hall; G. St. John, J. Olive, and T. H. Harding, Wadham College; C. Milnes, Lincoln College; H. Brown, T. Smith, P. French, and J. W. Goodday, Queen's College; G. Radcliffe and J. Percy Elliott, St. Mary Hall; R. Ballard Philipps and T. Sayer, Magdalen Hall; R. Colston Philipps, G. L. Hamilton, and R. Bassett, Trinity College; E. B. Pusey, Stuart Majendie, G. J. Shakerley, H. Norman, D. M. Perceval, and J. Wood, Christ Church; Reginald Pole, Exeter College; H. B. Bulteel and W. De Capell Brooke, Brasenose College; T. Maude, J. Ashmore, and Gibson Stott, University College; W. S. Schooley and Albert Jones, St. John's College; W. Pyne, Pembroke College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 7.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was yesterday adjudged to Mr. John Henry Bright, of St. John's College—Subject, *Palmyra*.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE notice of Portraiture in our last might be followed up with many similar papers; but in Art, as in literature, a sameness must be avoided; and our aim is rather to direct the public attention to the end and design of Art, than to indulge in the display of critical acumen, or critical asperity—a mere smattering in which kind of knowledge will go a great way in what is called Criticism.

Besides the works already mentioned in former pages of the *Gazette*, there are many that yet claim attention; among them—

No. 172. *Miranda's first Sight of Ferdinand*. *H. Thomson, R.A.*—This is not among the happiest of the Artist's productions, although the design is striking, and the accompaniments picturesque. We think the figure of Ariel interferes too much with what is going on, and that Ferdinand wants keeping; perhaps a lighter form might have been given to Miranda. The subject has been so frequently handled, that there should be something novel to recommend it.

Nos. 72. 76. From the same Play, by *H. Howard, R.A.*—have much of novelty as well as humour in their design. In that of Ariel released, it is hardly possible to push the energy of strength and exertion further; nor is the expression in the tormented Caliban less successfully managed. In the other, the figure of Ariel is not happily conceived; the plaining spirit appears far too indifferant about the matter.

No. 199. *Shall I, or shall I not*, &c. *T. Woodward*.—This is an arch conceit, and very skilfully executed: it tells the story at once, and leaves its proper impression on the mind.

No. 181. *The Death of Adelaide*. *H. Fradelle*.—From its situation is ill seen, but is well worthy of attention, both from the skill with which it is executed, and the interest and expression thrown into the characters.

We remember reading some years since a poem on this subject, by Mr. D'Israeli, and were much struck with some passages in it, describing the desolateness of La Trappe. As the poem has been long out of print, the following quotations may be new to our readers:—

"The shepherd from the stony pasture flies,
No music warbles in those silent skies:
Where in the wilderness the cypreus waves,
The pale-eyed votaries hover round their graves;
Silence and solitude perpetual reign
Around this hermit-family of pain."

"Mark the dread portal!—who without a tear
Forgets the murmuring earth, to enter here?
As the deep solitude more sternly grows,
With social tenderness the pilgrim glows;
And while he reads the awful lines above,
Turns to his native vale, and native love."

No. 170. *A Pastoral*. *H. P. Bone*.—A very pleasing little picture, clear in its execution, with a good effect of light, shade, and colour.—Mr. H. P. Bone's *Death of Priam*, (No. 373) entitles him also to a fair rank in the class of historical painters. In this subject he has judiciously concealed

the mangling atrocity of the act, which is sufficiently seen in the effects upon the surrounding group.

No. 374. *The Death of Adonis*. *R. T. Bone*.—is much too high to come under observation.

Nos. 120 and 143. *A. Cooper, R.A.*—Mr. Cooper has fought his "battles o'er again" with the same skill and the same energy as heretofore; a little too clear, perhaps, in their execution, for we are inclined to think that the fulness of Borgognoni's touch gave character to his battles.

Nos. 188 and 474. *Recollection*, and a *Bacchante*. *T. Stewardson*.—Both these pictures are ill hung; the first high in the great room, and the last in the Antique Academy. They nevertheless do much honour to the Artist, and for colouring and expression are not surpassed by any similar subjects in the Exhibition.—"Recollection" is a very striking female head, in which archness and sentiment contend for the mastery. The *Bacchante* it is impossible to see so as to do it justice; but its general effect gives assurance of more detailed merits.

Nos. 62, 176, and 312. *An Officer, a Gentleman*, *Lord Douglas (Portraits)*. *H. Raeburn, R.A.*—These possess all Mr. Raeburn's usual good qualities, and are deep-toned characteristic likenesses.—No. 176 is particularly a favourite with us, for the simplicity of its style and Vandyke effect. The last represents an odd-looking little man, but is finely painted.

SCULPTURE.

It is not that we descend from the top to the bottom of the Academy, because there is nothing to arrest our attention in the midway; yet, to confess the truth, there is not much: besides which, between the crowd and the bad light, it is hardly possible, as we have stated in individual cases, to speak correctly to what is hung there.

We are of opinion, as at our first glance, that the Sculpture of this year stands high in the scale of improvement, and that specimens might be produced equal, if not superior, to any thing that has yet been performed in modern Art, either at home or abroad.

No. 935. *Satan overcome by St. Michael*. *T. Flaxman, R.A.*—It is hardly possible, in this confined room, to judge of, much less do justice to, this towering group, or to the elevated grandeur of the conception. As a matter of taste, we think the figure rises too suddenly from its base, and presents a form too bare. The addition of wings, we are aware, would not assist the composition, as they must be elevated to suit the action.

No. 986. *Statue in marble; Eve at the Fountain*. *E. H. Bailey, R.A.*—From the model to the marble is "no narrow frith," as the sculptor can well testify; and we sincerely congratulate the Artist on the consummate skill with which he has brought his labours to an end. This figure presents some of the most graceful turns the line of Beauty ever showed. Its execution throughout displays a talent equal to any thing we ever remember to have seen; and the extremities and their relief are not to

be surpassed. In viewing this work of Art, it is impossible to overlook the difficulty of the undertaking in conceiving so high a form of beauty independent of the antique. Here is neither Venus, Juno, nor Minerva, yet all that can be imagined of a creature in the most perfect form from the hand of its Creator.

No. 991. *Half-sized Sketch, &c. Duke of Kent*. *E. H. Bailey, R.A.*—In this model, to be executed in bronze to the memory of the late illustrious personage, Mr. Bailey has shewn his powers over the palpable and obvious forms of humanity. There is a simplicity and elegance in the attitude of the figure and cast of the drapery, which belongs perfectly to the subject, and demonstrates the folly of resorting either to foreign aid or to the antique on such subjects.

No. 987. *Psyche; a statue in marble*. *R. Westmacott, R.A.*—We have indeed the evidence of our own senses, as well as the assurance of the Catalogue, that it is marble we are contemplating, or the polished roundness of those limbs would warrant pressure. This favourite of the Sculptor's and the Painter's imagination is most happily treated by the skill of the Artist.

With respect to the introduction of gold, as on the box, however beautiful, we cannot but consider it as an innovation on the simplicity of Sculpture. Some may be tempted to carry this farther, and act like the pupil of Appelles, who, not able to make his Helen beautiful, made her fine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET—SUNSET.

'Twas a clear evening—one white cloud alone
Hovered above the bounding western hill,
Stretched out in narrow length, serenely still,
As the mute guard before a monarch's throne.
O'er the old church by which I stood,—the Sun
In parting radiance shed a ruddy glow;
And in the East, the sleeping waves below
Gave back the clouds' mixed hues of pink and dun.
More low he sank,—lower and lower yet
Towards his home—a rayless orb of fire—
Cast one bright glance upon the glittering spire,
On the hill's summit seemed to pause, and set—
Tho' still that fleecy cloud retained awhile
A faint remembrance of his last warm smile.
Brighton. BETA.

On the introduction of Glass Curtains into our Theatres.

To suit the action for the language' sake,
Shakespeare's advice at last our Players take;
Glass curtains, though not plays, reflect each feature,
And "hold us 'twere the mirror up to Nature!"
TRUTH.

EPIGRAM—OLD SAW.

Why, Jack, you go on at a terrible rate, (eight) —
You come home blind drunk seven nights out of
Your character's damaged—your health will be lost;
As it is, you look haggard and pale as a ghost.
Believe me 'twere better to alter your plan;
See philosopher Will, what a different man—
He should for a time be your model, I think,
For from meat he abstains, and makes water his
drink.
What, imitate him! replied Jack; do you wish
I should eat as a beast, Sir, and drink like a fish?
I. D. M.

ANACHEONTIC.

Here, take from my goblet, and mingle the wine
That flows in your glasses with that flows in mine,
And I with your goblet will also make free,
And mingle your wine with what sparkles for me.

'Tis done!—Look, my friends, how, united, they
shine, [mine;
Your's sparkles the brighter when mingled with
Oh! thus may our souls be united, and thus
May the sweet joys of unity sparkle for us.

Then fill high a bumper, let this be our toast—
May we ne'er shrink from friends when they need
us the most!

And so with good humour our converse let's blend,
That we soon may convert ev'ry foe to a friend.
Lyne, Dorsetshire, June 11. R. A. TEMPLEMAN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE PONS ASINORUM.

"The reputation of a man depends upon the
steps he takes in his early life."—*Pope.*

There is a sort of middle stage in every
one's life (that is, if he lives to seventy), a
sticking place,

— "like the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines," —

at which one feels by certain signs that he
cannot exactly be called, that is, that all peo-
ple do not agree in calling him, young, and
that he cannot permit himself to be denomi-
nated old. This point has been often varied:
those who are not twenty, declaring it to be
thirty-five, or at farthest forty; but no sooner
have they reached the last-mentioned age,
than they insist that they feel quite as young
as they did at twenty-four, and agree that
when indeed they are ten or twenty years
older, they may begin to think of an easy
chair, a Regent's rest, an extra bottle of
port, and the *et cetera* of a middle-aged man.
My exact age is—at least I am generally un-
derstood to be—in short, I have been thirty
for the last twenty years, according to the
bon mot of Cicero, (vid. Quint. lib. vii. ch. 2.)
and notwithstanding it is asserted that my
aniglets have withstood the sheers of time
so long to be my own, and a young rogue
of a nephew declares he recollects laughing
twenty years ago at my yellow teeth,
which are now as white as a chimney-
sweeper's; yet if he saw me in my green
surtout and black cravat, I am persuaded
that I should be taken for something under
forty. But I have griefs to unfold, "fatal
to hear, and fatal in the telling," so let me
not pause.

A man in my situation of life is nothing,
unless he sports a toe and shakes in a *bravure*:
consequently I am indifferently good
in "Love's Young Dream," and "The
Trumpet of Victory," and though my voice
is somewhat tremulous in the higher notes,
I am in the bass decidedly effective. I also
dance, and am proud to say, that many
young ladies have preferred me to a younger
partner—no wonder! very young men dance
so languidly now-a-days. Well, I was con-
sidered an adept; "I didn't value your
cross over two couple, figure in, right and
left," as Acres says; no! I threaded the
mysteries of swing corners, and capered

round in a poussette, to the admiration of
the whole room. Waltzing was introduced
—can a man of between thirty and fifty
shine in a waltz? But I had excellent ex-
cuses: "Extremely indelicate! no sister or
wife of mine should waltz—it did well
enough on the continent: I had waltzed at
Göttingen; but it would not do in Eng-
land!" This, though it displeased all the
young ladies of fifteen, gave infinite plea-
sure to all the ladies who were double
fifteen. But—quadrilles (nomen quantas
tragedias excitat!) were brought into Eng-
land, and they spread like a typhus fever.
Infants in leading-strings were taught the
steps; schoolboys were connoisseurs; older
young ladies and gentlemen could think of
nothing but quadrille clubs and practising
parties; and my ancient subjects, the spin-
sters of thirty, rebelled: girls of forty ambled
in a side couple; babies of fifty sidled in a
trénise. I was now come to the Rubicon;
I must either sink into an old man, for
whom, if he danced at all, a country dance
would be got up at the end of the night;
one who must catch at a place in a rubber,
or jump at a hand at twopenny loo in the
parlour, when the young folks were dancing
up stairs, or—I must learn quadrilles. I
chose the latter, and went to M. *Pas-bas*.

It was not long before a "request the
honour of Mr. B.'s company to a small qua-
drille party" was laid on my table. I tied on
my starched cravat with peculiar care, and
as I buckled my knee-breeches, and practised
a *pas-seul*, I felt an exultation that
nothing before had given me: I thought at
least with Napoleon, "*La balle qui me tuera,
portera mon nom*." Imagine my having paid
coochy, announcing, and making my bow to
the lady of the house. I cast a timorous
glance to the fair partners of the evening,
who, as usual, sat giggling together on one
side of the room: not one did I know—not
one to whom I could say, that "I hoped
she'd excuse me if I blundered."

Mrs. T. soon came up to me: "You
don't dance quadrilles, I suppose, Mr. B." said she, "we shall get up a country dance." I assured her that I did walk through them. "Oh I beg your pardon then," answered the lady, with something of a smile, "Come with me, Sir, and I'll introduce you. Miss S." leading me into the very middle of the ring, "allow me to present you a partner, Mr. B." I bowed, ventured some common-
place compliment, which was not audible, and retired amidst the titters of the circle. Some peculiarly harsh sounds now told me that the music was going to begin. "Gentlemen, take your partners," echoed from all parts of the room; and I hastened to give my partner my arm. Time was when it was only the hand. She took it without even looking at me. "Where would you like to stand, Ma'am?" said I. "Here, Sir!" said the lady, placing herself at the top of the first quadrille. "If you please," cried I, with some hesitation, "not being quite—as yet—a proficient, providing you had no objection, I would rather stand"—"Sir," replied the fair one, in a thrilling tone, "I never stand at the side." During these words, the first part of the tune, ac-

cording to custom, and without my attend-
ing to it, was played over, and at the first
bar of the second, out I stepped; my
partner frowned, "Not you, yet Sir." I
obeyed, although I was sure I was right,
and she was turned by the opposite gen-
tleman. I declared "I never danced it
so." "*Avancez!*" cried the side couples.
I stuck in my place. "The devil! its lady's
chain," said I. "No, no, *ballancez* to the
corner lady—*tour de mains!* You're wrong,
Sir! *Avancez!* Turn! *Ballancez!*" I did
neither, and the figure had now finished. I
turned to the lady, who did not look very
kind: "Why, Madam!" I exclaimed, "I
never danced a quadrille in this way. At
Monsieur Pas-bas's"—the lady stared.
"Perhaps," said she, "you may not know,
Sir, that we are dancing 'the Lancers.'" "The what, Madam?" cried I, in a voice
of terror; "The Lancers." I then recol-
lected that I had only learnt the first set;
and the compassionate reader may have a
faint idea of my situation. I was standing
in the first set, with the first dancer in the
room; all eyes were upon me, and I was to
dance from figures of which I had never
heard before! All the people of my own
standing seemed peculiarly to enjoy the
joke. Lodoiska was now played—it thrilled
through my brain; my partner dragged me
forward; a thousand voices shouted out
and endeavoured to put me right, and
only caused me to stray the more. "*Ballancez*—eight bars—now turn your partner
—fall into two lines—*avancez*." In vain:
I went wrong myself and put every body
else wrong; I cut twice in the air when I
should have remained in my place; I stood
there like a mountain when I should have
advanced—every thing seemed to swim be-
fore me—I could bear it no longer—I made
my way to the door, ran down stairs, flew
home in spite of rain and mud, and am re-
solved never again to attempt a quadrille:

— "et, saltu in contraria facto
Colla jugo excutunt, abrupta lorque relinquunt.

W. B.

DRAWA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This Theatre
opened last Saturday, and the profits of the
night were allotted to the Irish Subscription;
which will not, we fear, be much the
better for them, as the house was very
thinly attended. A piece called the Bill of
Fare, from the pen it is said of Mr. T. Dib-
din, was the only novelty. It is a whim-
sical and laughable thing, with a good
deal of equivocal occasioned by a provin-
cial manager and an innkeeper, whose in-
itials are alike, S. S., advertising the one for
a company of comedians, the other for a
set of servants, and the applicants going to
the wrong parties, the servants to the ma-
nager, the players to the innkeeper. In the
former character, Terry is excellent: the
jokes lose nothing of their point in his
mouth, and his references to olden theatri-
cals are at once pithy and ludicrous. Ox-
berry, as the host, has too little to do.

On Tuesday the Beggar's Opera was per-

formed with a new Polly, a Miss Granville, a pupil of Mr. D. Corri's. She is tall and well formed, with a face of moderate expression, and a strong and tolerably well taught voice. Its tone, however, is harsh and crude; sometimes bursting out into extreme loudness, and sometimes shrinking into mere querulousness. In "Cease your funning," which is looked upon as in some degree the trial song of the opera, she imitated Miss Stephens's decorations instead of her sweetness, and consequently succeeded in a very inferior measure. She seems capable of some effect on the stage, provided her tuition be continued, and the roughness and violence of her voice be brought into order. She was a good deal applauded occasionally. We would recommend it to Mr. Terry, when called on to announce the repetition of a play, not to give himself the trouble of using a phrase, it shall be repeated again, inasmuch as if he desired to express the renewal of the performance on the next night—the expression is tautologous; if he looks to farther performances, it amounts to prophecy, and the office of a prophet is one which we are convinced Mr. Terry does not yet consider himself competent to add to that of Manager.

The new Farce this evening is from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin.—Terry's Nigel, and a Comedy, are forthcoming.

MR. ALEXANDRE.—The amusing performances of this gentleman at the Adelphi Theatre, have been continued beyond his original purpose, and are still fully attended. His powers of ventriloquism are of the highest order, and though the vehicle for calling them forth is rather so-so as to wit, it nevertheless affords sufficient opportunities for the extraordinary display of a faculty almost super-human. The wonderful command of voice from apparently every quarter, above, below, distant, and near, is developed in an entertainment called the Rôgucies of Nicholas. To this drama many characters belong, which are all sustained by Mr. Alexandre with ludicrous effect. His dressing an omelet from nothing, his speaking while drinking, his rapid changes of person, his humorous adaptation of character, and above all his ventriloquial miracles, fill three hours with as much amusement as could well be crammed into that space of time.

VARIETIES.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for April.—1. Klenze. The Temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum; reviewed by M. Quatremere de Quincy.—2. J. J. Paris. Memoire, &c. on the use of Machinery in France; by M. Tessier.—3. Letronne. Supplement to the Explanation of the Greek Inscription on the base of the Obelisk of Philæ.—4. Saint Martin. Note on the Hieroglyphic Inscription on the Obelisk of Philæ.—5. Langles. Monuments of Hindostan; by M. A. Remusat.—6. Graberg de Hemso. Scandinavia vindicated from the accusation of having produced the bar-

barous Nations who overthrew the Roman Empire; by M. Daunau.—7. J. C. Letter from J. C. Rich, Esq.—8. Biot. On the Earthquake of 19th Feb. 1822.

The Abbe Frayssinous, first Almoner to the King of France, has been appointed head of the University of Paris, with the title of *Grand Master*.

New Parliamentary Practice.—The Bavarian Chambers have terminated their session with a dinner; an example which, if any thing had been predicated concerning it, we would have expected to be set by the Parliament of Great Britain. The entertainment at Munich was enlivened with songs, and the patriotic legislators renounced Champagne and Burgundy to drink their native Rhenish wines. "Happily (says a French Journalist, mentioning the circumstance,) we have cause to hope that the national spirit of the English will not carry them to such a length in favour of porter."

Superstition.—The age of miracle has not followed the age of chivalry into oblivion. A very recent Continental Journal contains the affidavit of M. Donnadien, the Mayor and Council of Bossagues, that on the 12th of last May, a girl of fifteen years of age, paralytic for more than three years, was miraculously cured on the day of the festival of St. Fulcran, the patron saint of the place!

A French author, Al. Vinc. Ch. Berbiguer, has published a work in three octavo volumes, called "*The Furfadets, or All the Demons do not belong to the other World*." It seems to be a strange fanatical production, levelled at the crimes and vices of the age.

A Tragedy, in three acts, founded on the story of Regulus, was produced with great éclat at the Parisian Theatre Français last week. It is the production of the younger Arnault, author of *Marius à Minturnes*; and a pleasing incident occurred at the first representation. In the moment of triumph, the audience recognized the father of the successful dramatist in one of the boxes (*à loge grille*); and turning their applauses towards him, augmented in a most gratifying manner the fulness of his paternal feelings. The following passages are mentioned as having excited great approbation:

"..... Ou vainqueur ou vaincu,
Qui peut combattre encor n'a pas assez vécu."
"On détruit une armée; un peuple est immortel."
"L'instant seul de sa mort éternise sa vie....."
"L'honneur qu'on a perdu jamais ne se retrouve....."
"Ma vie est aux bourreaux, mais mon âme est aux dieux."

A Waterman the other day boasting of the proficiency of some of his pupils in the now fashionable art of *rowing*, declared that one of them was so expert, he would soon "make a man of him." "Then," said a wit, "he must be a *row-man*."

Puns.—Puns do not deserve the reproaches heaped upon them; they enliven society; and we have heard hundreds of them in companies where no pocket was

ever picked. Bad or good, here are two. In a party, chiefly of medical gentlemen, discussing the power of animals to communicate hydrophobia, it was asserted by a learned Doctor, that the infection had been communicated in one instance by a duck. Many inferences were made from this fact, till an extra-professional visitor observed, that the strongest lesson he could draw from it was, to "beware of Quacks."

Irish humour.—The lower orders of Irish are so prone to pleasantry, that even the deepest distress cannot quell the prevailing humour. A miserable Beggar in a street of London the other day was asked by a Gentleman relieving him, why he did not stay at home, since he could not be worse off any where than where he now was? "Shall I tell you Honour truly why we came over?" was the reply—"If you please." "Then by my soul we came over to look after the absentees!!"

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JUNE.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	13 from 40 to 73	30.16 to 30.09
Friday	14 from 40 to 81	29.94 to 29.72
Saturday	15 from 63 to 72	29.63 to 29.60
Sunday	16 from 60 to 70	29.83 to 29.93
Monday	17 from 45 to 68	30.12 to 30.17
Tuesday	18 from 40 to 71	30.19 to 30.07
Wed.	19 from 45 to 73	29.96 to 29.86

N. and NE. winds generally prevailing; at times SW. The weather cloudy and clear alternately. Rain on Friday afternoon, and on Saturday much distant thunder, with heavy rain.—Rain fallen during the week, 7.25 of an inch.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. C. The Ode of Horace has been too often translated.

The Editor has no recollection whatever of the communication alluded to by F—.

No literary notices can be given in the *Literary Gazette*, unless verified by the signature of a known author or publisher; and the Editor's rule is, even with such sanction, to insert only what may be considered as *Literary News*.

H. J. we thank—occasionally such papers, if selected and rendered with much taste, would be agreeable.

T. T. L. is more just than poetical. We admire Mr. Milman's course as much as he does, and would sincerely rejoice were genius always so well directed.

Description of the Sainted Veil of Queen Mary in our next.

We have corrected, agreeably to his request, Cantab's Solution of the Proposition in last week's Gazette: but we must take this occasion to mention to our Mathematical Correspondents, that if they do not write very plain they cannot be attended to;—that if they write late in the week (as Cantab did) the Editor has not time to revise the press; and that, however willing to comply with the wishes of any class of his readers, he has too many claims upon him to admit of his giving more than a proportion of his attention to any single branch of science. It is further proper to remark, that the execution of Wood-cuts renders it impossible to insert Mathematical questions except occasionally, and as the lovers of these studies seem to be of the irritable genus and to require much, he begs to tell them a story:—

A pseudo-mathematician in the North went to a worthy, painstaking Schoolmaster; one anxious to oblige as well as to inform all who consulted him. "Sir," said the present applicant, "I want to learn how to calculate Eclipses, and have come to you to be instructed in the right way." The honest Teacher replied, "There is a clever book called Ferguson's Astronomy; I will lend it to you, to read attentively, and if there is any thing on the subject of eclipses which you cannot understand, return to me and I will explain the matter to you." Our Disciple followed the advice—he studied Ferguson, and he studied so profitably, that when he came back to his Mentor, he thus addressed him, "Eh! Sir, you is an excellent book ye lent me: I am now such a hand at the calcu-

lations, that I can foretell eclipses to half a minute! But I want to go farther into the Mathematics, and ye must tell me next where I can learn to calculate thunder and lightning." The poor schoolmaster was grieved, and all the thanks he got for his first service was the being abused as ignorant because he could not render the second.—*Verbum sat.*

ERRATA.

In the lines on CAKE in last Number, the compositor has carelessly printed *west* for *want*.—Same Number, p. 376, col. 2.

For \square read \square (parallelogram) all through. 1st line, instead of greater angular \square read given rectangular \square

5th line, instead of $\frac{ab}{21}$ read $\frac{ab}{2}$

9th line, instead of $\frac{a}{\sqrt{21}}$ read $\frac{a}{\sqrt{2}}$

10th line, instead of $\frac{b}{\sqrt{21}}$ read $\frac{b}{\sqrt{2}}$

N.B. The Geometrical Construction belongs to Cor. 1. and not to the Proposition.

The last Cor. should be this:—

Cor. 3. If the required \square is to be $\frac{1}{n}$ th of the given \square , and similar to it, then will $x = \frac{a}{\sqrt{n}}$ and $y = \frac{b}{\sqrt{n}}$

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